clothes that covered the floor, the dresser, the end-tables, and even part of the bed. I hung some of them up, but her closet already bulged like Gabriel's. Once I filled half a dozen green garbage bags with clothes that I'd never seen her wear. Julia asked me where I was putting them. I told her in the unused elevator shaft. I didn't tell her that after that I was putting them out on the curb. She never inquired about them again.

Adam said none of tenants knew the value of clothing because they never had to work for it. Some of it was contributed by an ancient charity run by retired nurses at the asylum. The rest was provided free every year by workers. Adam couldn't go a week without repeating a garment.

Julia went out around 11 P.M. looking slightly Gothic in her long coat and gown. She wore dark glasses even at midnight. She usually carried a mean-looking piece of iron that she wore like a dagger in her belt. Maybe she had enemies. No one knew where she went, though it was rumored she had a boy-friend. I told Adam maybe that was what the crowbar was for. He asked me rather sharply what I knew about it. I told him not much but I'd read a lot of books. He said he was sorry.

Julia never came back drunk to anyone's knowledge except Babs's. So far as Babs knew she always did. Babs was convinced. She wrote notes in the common log. Client returned at 2:45 A.M. and came to staff in kitchen. Client